B. M. H. Very great indeed. The English letters are incomprehensible to all who have not spent their lives in learning them. Hardly one has any fixed sound. Every vowel has two or even three : and a great many of the consonants have each two : all given in the most arbitrary way, without any rule. Now I propose that the characters taken from the Sanscrit or Nagree should invariably express the same sound. Such a plan as this would greatly facilitate the reading [of] the vernacular languages of India by the English : which would give us a better chance of obtaining justice than we have ever had yet.

Baboo Dana. Well, all I can say for your plan is that it appears as practicable as to teach the Natives of India to give up their own language or letters, and to adopt those of Europe.

Baboo M. H. A thousand times more so. Are not the English in India few in number ? Do not they boast how superior they are to us in everything, above all in freedom from prejudice. Surely it is much easier for two or three thousand of them to adopt our language or character, than to expect sixty millions of Natives, most of whom are so poor that they work hard all day at their respective avocations, to give up that which they have used for centuries, and accept a new one.

Baboo Dana. Oh, Râm Râm. Wonders will never cease in this world.

A LIFE OF NAND RISHI.

By PANDIT ANAND KOUL, PRESIDENT, ŚRÎNAGAR MUNICIPALITY (RETIRED).

THERE are several old works of literature in the Kashmîrî language which are very important from a didactic as well as from a theological point of view. They display the grandeur of the doctrines of the Hindu scriptures, expressed in exquisitely fine language, and also the deeper interests of life—philosophy, ethics and religion. Indeed, every Kashmîrî ought to be consciously proud of such a national heritage. Yet, unfortunately, it has been practically neglected. One such work, namely, *Lallâ Vâkyâni*, or "The Wise Sayings of Lallâ," was taken up by Sir George Grierson and Dr. Lionel D. Barnett. They translated the *Sayings* into English prose and published them, and then Sir Richard Temple rendered them into English verse. Every Kashmîrî ought to be grateful to these gentlemen for their labour in conserving these precious jewels of Kashmîrî literature, because they were in Kashmîrî verse, and as their style and dialect were very old and peculiar and their meaning deep and subtle, they were unintelligible to ordinary folk. But the above named scholars have, in translating them, been able to make their meaning clear.

Among the old works of popular and indigenous poetry of the same nature, which have not yet been published, is the *Nûr-nâma*, containing the wise sayings of Nand Rishi, *alias* Shaikh Nûru'd-dîn of Tsrâr, a village 20 miles to the south-west of Śrinagar. He was a hermit of the highest order, and, despite six centuries having rolled by since he lived, his name is held in profound respect and veneration by both Muhammadans and Hindus throughout Kashmîr. He was a contemporary of the Hindu prophetess, Lallâ Îśvarî, and flourished in the last quarter of the fourteenth century of the Christian era. His sayings, containing, as they do, sublime truths, give a glimpse of the fine, noble soul of this unique figure. They show how admirably he understood human nature and how he taught his lessons in a terse and clever manner. In short they show, in the words of Ruskin, that this holy man was "a fateful executor of a command unknown."

Great sages and hermits have been gnomic poets. The charm and music of their oracular verse are indescribable. Their well-turned, perfectly-modelled and thrilling rhyme—pregnant with divine love as well as worldly wisdom—tend to awaken lofty thoughts and provide an inexhaustible fund of interest and pleasure. They are to the mind as pearls,

rubies and diamonds of great lustre are to the eye. They are generally characterized by an ambiguity of language suggesting both a terrestrial and a celestial meaning. They are so objective, concise, complete and *ad hoc*, that they have become almost canonical and are stamped on the memory of the people. In Kashmîr they have, indeed, shaped and moulded the people's character. The Kashmîrî repeats such aphoristic lines again and again in his every-day life as current coins of quotation.

But, the pity is that the philosophers did not reduce them to writing. What they had to say they taught orally to their disciples, and their sayings were written after their dates in the Persian character, without punctuation or diacritical marks. Thus defectively recorded, they have become inextricably confused and full of interpolations by disciples, imitators and rhapsodists. Whatever was noted by any one person in the margin of his treasured private copy by way of interpretation, was regarded by the next owner or copyist as part of the text: there was no means of distinguishing *addenda* from mere *marginalia*, for they knew not that it was impossible to alter a word in such sayings without altering it for the worse. The correct reading of an old manuscript has, therefore, become a very intricate task.

I obtained two copies of the *Nûr-nâma*, and both of them had shared the fate described above. I was, however, able to decipher some of the sayings in them with the help of bards of Tsrâr village, and the result will be set forth below.

Nand Ṛishi or Sahajânanda (or Shaikh Nûru'd-dîn, as he was afterwards named by Mîr Muḥammad of Hamadân), was born at Kaimuh, a village two miles to the west of Bijbihâra, on the *'îdu'z-zuḥâ* day of 779 A.H. (1377 A.D.). His father's name was Sâlâr Sanz, whose ancestors were descended from the Râjas of Kishtwâr and had immigrated into Kashmîr. They had been granted a *jâgîr* by the then king of Kashmîr, at Rupâwan, a village five miles to the north-west of Tsrâr, where they had settled. Drupada Sanz was a descendant of this family and was a respectable man, held in high esteem by the Kashmîr Darbâr. His son's name was Sul Sanz, who lived at Guda Suth village, and became a disciple of a hermit named Yasman Ṛishi, being converted by him to Islâm under the name of Sâlâr Dîn. He used to take his preceptor's cows to the fields for grazing, and after some time Yasman Ṛishi arranged his marriage with Sadr Mâji at Kaimuh village.

Sadr Mâjî had previously lived at village Khayah in the Adven Pargana. She was a descendant of a Râjpût family and, as her parents had died when she was yet a child, she had been adopted by a Muhammadan. When grown up, she had been married to a Dûm at Kaimuh, by whom she had two sons, named Shishu and Gandharv. After a while her husband died.

It is said that one day Sâlâr Dîn together with his bride went to his religious preceptor, Yasman Ṛishi, who was at the time sitting by a spring. Lallâ Ded happened to arrive there, carrying a bouquet in her hand. Yasman Ṛishi took it from her and gave it to Sadr Mâjî to smell, and the same night she conceived. After the due period had elapsed, she gave birth to a son, whom she named Nand Ṛishi. Another version is that one night a Brâhmaṇ at Kaimuh village told his wife that if she rose up very early the following morning and went to the stream passing by the village, she would observe two bouquets, one of *hî* (white jasmine) and the second of *arnî* (yellow jasmine) floating down, and if she caught and smelt the former, she would conceive and give birth, in due course, to a boy who would become a very holy man: but if she picked up the latter, she would conceive and give birth to a boy, who would also become a holy man, though not equal to the boy born of the woman who might smell the white jasmine. Sul Sanz, who was going on his night round at the time, overheard this conversation. On his return he spoke about it to his wife Sadr, and enjoined on her to checkmate the Brâhmaṇ's wife by going very early in the morning to the stream and catching the bouquet of white jasmine that would float down first and smelling it. She did so and succeeded in picking up the first

bouquet, which he smelt. The Brâhman's wife reached the stream later on and caught the second bouquet, which she smelt. The result was that Sadr Mâjî gave birth to Nand Ṛishi, and the Brâhman's wife to a boy who was named Bhûm Sâdhu and became a holy man, performing austere penances in a cave at Bhûmzu, about a mile to the north of Mattan village.

When Nand Ṛishi was born, he would not suckle his mother. Lallâ Ded came again and approached the new-born baby, saying to him—*Yinah mandachhok nah tah chanah chhukha mandachhân ?* (*i.e.*, you were not ashamed of being born, why then of suckling ?) Hearing these words he began to suckle at once. Lallâ Ded then enquired the name of the worthy mother of this worthy son and, when told that it was Sadr (ocean), she remarked—*Sadras ai chhuh mukhta nerân* (*i.e.*, Aye, pearls do only come out of the ocean).

When Nand Ṛishi grew to manhood, his step-brothers named Shishu and Gandharv, who were thieves, took him one night with them to help in a theft. They reached a village where they broke through the wall of a house, and told Nand Ṛishi to enter and bring out anything he found heavy in weight. Nand Ṛishi entered and found a box full of gold and silver, but he reflected that if he brought it out he would be committing a sin. So, instead of this box, he brought out a stone pestle and gave it to his brothers, telling them that he could find nothing heavier in the house. His brothers were angry at his stupidity in not understanding that heavy things meant precious metals, and, thinking that he could not understand what they actually meant, told him to bring out anything light in weight. He re-entered, and lo ! he brought out a sieve and a winnowing fan and told his brothers that there were no lighter things in the house. His brothers, disappointed at his foolishness, afterwards themselves stole a cow and handed her over to him to drive to their house, they themselves going to some other place to steal. Nand Ṛishi was driving the cow when he heard a dog barking *wow, wow*. In the Kashmîrî language *wow, wow* means " sow, sow." He reflected that the dogs were reminding him of the fact that what he sowed now he would reap hereafter, and that it meant that he would be punished by God for this theft. He, therefore, let the cow go, and went home. When his brothers returned, finding that he had not brought the cow, they asked him why he had not done so. He replied to them as follows :—

Ângana nâd lâyân chhuh hûn
Bhâyau kan dit shrunitau—
" *Yimi yuth wuv tami tyut lûn*
Tsah Nandi wow, wow, wow."

The dog is barking in the compound.
O brothers ! give ear and listen to (what he says)—
" As one sowed, so did he reap :
Thou, Nand, sow, sow, sow."

His brothers would not listen to his advice but gave him a thrashing instead for his carelessness. He did not mind this, and said :—

Yim tamogunas mâlit mâran
Tim tsâlan tah lâgan dâs
Yim Sahazai Sahazai gwâran
Tim sorui vendan sâs.

Those who kill *tamogunas* (passion, anger, sorrow, etc.) or *tama-gunas* (the snake of *tama*, *i.e.*, passion, etc.)
They will bear (everything) with resignation.
Those who seek after ease, ease (God),
They consider everything (in this world) as ashes (worthless).

In those days there lived also a "hermitess" named Shâm Ded, who roamed about the country. She came to Nand Rishi and condoled with him on the maltreatment accorded to him by his thieving brothers, and said :—

Ârah-balun nâga-râdâ rov
Sâdha rov tsûran manz
Muda gharan gora Panditâ rov
Râza hansâ rov kâvan manz.

A spring has been lost in the stream :
A saint has been lost among the thieves .
A deeply learned man has been lost in the house of fools :
A swan has been lost among the crows.

Another night his step-brothers again took Nand Rishi with them for the purpose of stealing, and went to a house in Khudaven village, which they caused him to enter. The inmates happened to be awake and, suspecting it was a thief who had entered, they spoke to one another, lamenting that they were very poor—so poor indeed as not to possess even a quilt to protect themselves from the cold of winter—so that a thief could get nothing from their house. Nand Rishi overheard them and felt pity for their poverty. He then flung his own blanket over them and came out empty-handed. His step-brothers asked him what he had secured and where his own blanket was. He replied :—

Khudaven jamâtha wuchhim nani
Wurit tshanimak panani khani.

I found a number of persons naked at Khudaven :
I flung my blanket to cover them.

His step-brothers were now convinced that he was a simpleton and quite unfit to join them, and they told his mother that, as he could not learn the art of stealing, he should be set to some other work. His mother told him that, since he disliked theft, he might earn his livelihood by some handicraft. He replied that he would gladly comply with her wishes. She then took him to a weaver to be taught the art of weaving, and was accepted as an apprentice. When his mother was gone, Nand Rishi asked the weaver why he was always alternately raising and lowering his feet. He replied that he was thus raising the warp in order to put in the woof; but Nand Rishi explained that this movement had another meaning saying—" When you raise your right foot it is a hint that we were dust and God raised us to life. When you lower your left foot, it indicates that we shall return to dust." Nand Rishi next inquired—" Wherefore have these threads been put together : what is the piece of wood that is shot to and fro in the loom : what are the threads attached to it; and what the board which you are pulling towards yourself ?" The weaver replied that they were warp, shuttle, woof and press-board respectively. Nand Rishi replied :—" No : the woof indicates that the world is an inn having two doors : by one we enter and by the other we leave. The shuttle is man, and the thread in its mouth is his daily bread apportioned to him by fate : so long as it lasts he moves about in this world and when finished he is kept out like the shuttle. The board, which, when you pull it towards you to press home the woof, makes a sound like *dag dag* and indicates that our desires are killing us." The weaver got perplexed on hearing this philosophy and thought the apprentice's mind was wandering. He sent for Nand Rishi's mother and told her that her son seemed to have no inclination to learn weaving, as he was not attending to the work, but simply boring him with abstruse philosophical remarks and hampering him in his own work. The mother, in despair, took her son

away, telling him that, as he was not inclined to work, he might go away and do whatever he liked.

Nand Ṛishi, now left to himself, dug out a cave at Kaimuh, in which he began to perform austere penances. One day his mother went to see him and, finding him squatting, covered with a coarse quilt, in a dark cave infested with rats, she burst into tears. Nand Ṛishi consoled her, saying that he was extremely happy and added :—

Guph buh vendai sur larai
Jandah buh vendai pâti kâi
Gagaran râzah shuknen zan gindai
Warih buh vendai garih ḍâi.

The cave seems to me to be a celestial castle :
The quilt seems to me to be a silken garment.
I play with the rats as if they were creatures of good omen.
One year seems to me to be one single hour.

One day Nand Ṛishi, coming out of his cave, saw some folk going about happily in gala dresses, and inquired what the occasion was that made the people so merry. He was told that it was the New Year's day. Thinking it an auspicious occasion, Nand Ṛishi began to fast from this day. His mother, coming to know of this, went to him and cried out sobbing that he had already left his home, his wife and children, and now he had left off eating and drinking : so how could he live. Nand Ṛishi replied :—

Sontai gupanan guman wazi karan kâi
Hardah deshan heli alânti
Kâm karan nah tah kath karan lâi ?

Those who cause cattle to sweat in spring (by ploughing the land),
Shall see ears of corn bending in autumn.
If they did not toil, how could the soil have been prepared ?

He meant by this that if in the vigour of youth one did not turn towards God, how could one do so in sedate old age ?

While Nand Ṛishi was performing penances in the cave, his wife, Zai Ded, together with her two sons and one daughter, came to see him, and began to weep. He told her to return home and take care of her children, but she said she could not leave him. He then explained that as he had renounced the world he wanted to be left alone in the cave, where there was only dust and thorns. He said :—

Nafas chhuh wanuk agazol
Neres nah paṭ kâṭ nah manzol
Yami suh phol tah tsaṭit wol
Zâlit suh karih tat sârah-phol.

Desire is like the knotted wood of the forest,
It cannot be made into planks, beams or into cradles.
He who cut and felled it
Will burn it into ashes.

(*To be continued.*)

A LIFE OF NAND ṚISHI.

By PANDIT ANAND KOUL, President, Śrīnagar Municipality (Retired).

(*Continued from page* 198.)

Zai Ded then asked him what she should do with the children. He told her to take them home for that night. She obeyed. At night they all slept, but in the morning they were found dead. The poor mother wept and beat her breast. When Nand Ṛishi came to know of this, he grieved and said :—

Ādana tsajim agâṭalis,
Ketha nah ditsomak anit loz ?
Sartal sapazam sunah kanawâlis !
Buh suta mâlis meh no kunh !
Kyâh karzi tâpas tâwas tah analas ?
Samayas nish kenh tagum nah wutsh ;
Wâsi karnam pahali khelis !
Buh suta mâlis meh no kunh !
I, a fool, erred in the beginning ;
Why did I not earn sufficient money for them ?
My golden earring turned into brass !
I am son to my father ; to me there is none !
What avails sunshine, warmth and fire ?
Against time I could not strive ;
My flock is scattered !
I am son to my father ; to me there is none !

Nand Ṛishi, however, thanked God that He had freed him from anxiety about the children. Zai Ded also, finding all her family ties severed, renounced the world and became a hermitess. When she died she was buried at Kaimuh village.

Nand Ṛishi dwelt in this cave for about twelve years, eating nothing except endive and *upalhâk*. Once his mother, Sadr Mâjî, visited him and asked him sorrowingly how he was living on these bitter herbs. He replied :—

Yus swâd upalhâkas tah hande—
Suh swâd soma-ras grende tsâv.
Dud trâvit poni yus mande—
Suh samsâras kenh no zâv.
Par tah pân yus huihi vende—
Suh bhavah Sindhe tarit gav.
The taste of *upalhâk* and endive,
That taste is reckoned as Soma juice.
He who, leaving milk, churns water,
He, so to speak, came not into this world.
He who considers another person and himself equal—
He has crossed the Sindh (River) of the world.

Once Nand Ṛishi was going on an excursion towards Veri Nâg. He reached a village called Hillar, near Achhabal, where he found a man performing penances in the hollow of a tree, which he had himself dug out. Nand Ṛishi frowned at him for cutting a hole for himself in the trunk of the tree, thus spoiling it. He told him that he ought to have lived in a cave

instead. He inquired of him his name and his profession. The weaver replied that his name was Suzan and his profession was weaving cloth. Nand Ṛishi addressed him thus :—

Khasak wân tah loi zan wazak ;
Bozun dapai tah bozak nâv.
Tsupâri tyûlus tah wowari kuzan :
Tseh kami kurui Suzan nâv ?

Thou wilt sit at the loom and ring like bronze ;
I shall tell thee to listen, and thou wilt not.
I went about on all four sides and found the weavers a bad lot.
Who gave thee the name Suzan (*i.e.*, good person) ?

One day Nand Ṛishi was sitting at the shop of a certain Musa Wâni, when a man came to the shop with a piece of cloth for sale. The shopkeeper told him that it was no good and, after some wrangling, gave him a very low price for it. A short time after another man came to the shopkeeper and asked if he had any cloth for sale. The shopkeeper told him that he had a piece of very good cloth, and brought out that same piece from a pot in which he had placed it, and gave it to the customer, after taking a high price for it. Nand Ṛishi then said to the shopkeeper that he would like to be kept in the pot so that his value might also rise, like that of the piece of cloth. This remark had such a powerful effect upon the shopkeeper that he left his business and became one of the ṛishi's disciples. Nand Ṛishi then remarked :—

Dayah ! toṭhiok Musa Wânis ragazûlas.
Tyuth meh war ditam Deva.

O God ! Thou wast pleased with Musa Wâni, the deceitful.
Grant to me such a boon.

There was a rich man living at Drayigâm, a village 8 miles from Śrînagar on the way to Tsrâr, whose name was Sangi Ganai. He had a large number of cows. Nand Ṛishi once saw Sangi Ganai's wife milking her cows. There was a milch cow that she did not milk because it was very wild and would not allow anyone to milk it. Nand Ṛishi told her to approach this cow in his presence and milk it. The woman obeyed, though in dread of being kicked. But the animal remained quiet and allowed itself to be milked. Thenceforth the milk of this cow used to be sent every evening to Nand Ṛishi for his use. One day Sangi Ganai together with his family had gone somewhere, and his daughter was left in the house to take the usual supply of milk to Nand Ṛishi in the evening. She took him the milk, which he drank. She saw some angel-like beings sitting around him. He advised her not to speak about this vision to anybody. She returned home, but when her parents came, she disclosed this secret to them. She died soon after. The parents grieved long for her, thinking that she might not have died had she not gone with milk to Nand Ṛishi. The mother then stopped sending milk to him. One day she made a false excuse that a guest had come, to whom the milk was given : another day, that a cat had drunk it ; and another day, that the calf had got loose and had sucked all the milk from the cow. Nand Ṛishi then remarked :—

Samew wutsh putsh tah bror.
Tim treh doh khati grinze.
Tawai aubâl khasem bor,
Surun masham yath kande.
At nafsas lajan jor !
Yiyam raṭit mâras kamandai.
Tsalih tah tselit dimas tor.
At kande dimau nah kandi.

Calf, guest and cat collected,
For three days they were enumerated.
Sin will, therefore, overburden me,
Myself shall forget thinking (of God).
May inflammation betide the desire !
If it returns I shall catch it in a noose.
If it runs away I shall bolt the door firmly (against it).
We will not prick this body with a thorn.

Nand Rishi then left Drayigâm village. When he had gone about 20 furlongs past Anzbur, Sangi Ganai, together with several others, went after him and requested him to return ; but Nand Rishi would not go back.

A man named Mânak once came to Nand Rishi and began to reproach him for his being illiterate. Nand Rishi pleaded guilty, declaring that he had really wasted his life in ignorance and that he had, therefore, become a recluse, repenting for his sins. He remarked :—

Poshanûl posh-wârai gârân,
Mughul gârân huni wâs,
Shihut shinâlaya gârân,
Khar gârân guh lodui tah sâs.

The oriole seeks a flower garden,
The owl seeks a desolate spot,
The laughing thrush seeks a snowy abode.
The ass seeks a dunghill and ashes.

" But one should not preach sermons to others," exclaimed Nand Rishi, " and himself practise otherwise." He further observed on priestcraft :—

Mullâh dyûthum nârai bharân,
Dolâh guhârân paran kyut ;
Alâi balâi pânas niwârân,
Amrit chhakân biyan kyut.
Malan âsân hanga phut shûbali,
Pakân alit walit ket ;
Khewân gusht kâsam nâli,
Katshi tali tsalek patila het.
Rotsân nah tah khiwân balbali,
Ânchân tah tsalân katsi tali het.
Yusa ror chheh saran sangaran palan,
Sui kunih piyin malan yit !

I saw a priest blowing out fire (and)
Beating a drum to others ;
All evils presenting to himself,
Nectar sprinkling to others.
The priests have nice big turbans on their heads ;
They walk about daintily dressed.
Dressed in priestly robes they indulge in mutton,
They run away with the cooking pots under the arm-pit.
They pretend that it does not agree with them (yet) they go on eating.
They watch and run away (with the food) under their arm-pit.

Whatever noise rolls in lakes, hills and rocks,
May it come and fall on priests !

Nand Ṛishi expressed the following pessimistic opinion of priests :—

Purmut paṇḍit chhui amrit gaḍu
Pheri pheri âses pashpân,
Bront kun het pothi lâdu
Wuchhit âsi tawai byâkulân.
Wuchhun hyut andrah tsharu
Paras prinân tah mashas pân.

A learned paṇḍit is (like) a pot full of nectar,
(Which) may be trickling down in drops.
Having a heap of books beside him
He may have been confused by reading them.
On examining him we found him empty in mind.
He may be preaching to others but forgetting himself.

Once when a number of men were going to the hills they chanced to meet Nand Ṛishi. The latter asked them where they were going and what they were carrying. They told him that they were going towards the meadows to give salt to their flocks and were carrying provisions for themselves for a few days. He told them that they should also carry a large stock of provisions for the next world, where they would have to remain not only for a few days but for very long time. This hint stung one of them to the quick, and he fainted. When he came to himself again, he fell at the feet of Nand Ṛishi and thenceforth became a recluse. Nand Ṛishi remarked :—

Hâhai hânk nâd zan wazan
Gumbad wazan dundubhi dit.
Suzan ishârah ratse buzan,
Kuzan buzan nah damâmah dit.

The conch shell is sounded by a little blowing,
Domes resound by beating a kettle-drum.
Good people will understand by a little hint,
Wicked people will not understand by beat of drum.

One day Nand Ṛishi went to a village and saw a peon oppressing the inhabitants. He became angry and asked the peon why he was troubling the people and not fearing God. The peon replied that he was simply carrying out the orders of his master, who paid him. Nand Ṛishi smiled and remarked :—

Yami asi Sâhibi samsâras sûzî,
Tasi asih satya pâthi par log.
Khasun ditun Turki tâzî,
Tamis khasit tah ghâzi log.
Tasi kriy karau sor sârî,
Yas asih mon tah mûri log.

The Lord who sent us into the world,
Towards Him we indeed showed indifference,
He gave us a Turkish steed to ride on,
On riding it we assumed the airs of heroes.
We will all perform devotion to Him,
Towards whom we presumed to be deaf and dumb.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE OF NAND ṚISHI.

BY PANDIT ANAND KOUL, PRESIDENT, SRINAGAR MUNICIPALITY. (*Retired.*)

(*Continued from vol. LVIII, p.* 224.)

The peon, on hearing this advice, repented and thenceforth desisted from troubling anyone.

A farmer named Sung once came to Nand Ṛishi and told him that he was dissatisfied with his past deeds and wanted to renounce the world and become one of his followers. Nand Ṛishi directed a disciple of his named Mung to make over to Sung the duties he was performing. For some time Sung performed these duties, and then took leave to go home to see his own family. At home his family were so pleased to have him back to live with them that they would not let him return to Nand Ṛishi. A long time thus elapsed. Nand Ṛishi once remembered him, remarking—

Av Sung tset tsyung,
Nit bihenâvyâv Mungun vâs.
Âsi zon bhuvi suna sund sung ;
Wuchhon hat, lach tah sâs.
Âsi he tâzi thavahon ukharas ;
Charbari gandahos baras sati.
Chhuh nah tâzi, samih nah kharas :
Din doh bhari gharas satî.

Sung came, the heart was glad,
We kept him in Mung's place.
We thought he would become a golden weight :
We shall see him outweigh a hundred, a thousand and a lakh.
Had he been a steed we would have kept him in the stable ;
We would have tied him with ropes attached to the door.
He is not a steed, not even an ass ;
He will spend his days at home.

When Sung heard that Nand Ṛishi was remembering him, he left his home and returned to his preceptor, to whom he remained devoted until his death.

A number of men once came to see Nand Ṛishi and hinted at his belonging to a low caste of watchers. Nand Ṛishi remarked :—

Push-dyul avazot :
Kheyas nah gur gupun tah gâv.
Suh yelih shâhas sheri wot,
Suh avazot drenth katih âv !

The flower-seller's *dyul* (grass with which a bouquet is tied) is of low birth :
Neither pony, nor cattle, nor cow will eat it.
When it reached the head of the king
Where did it [then] appear of low birth !

Nand Ṛishi was once going through a forest, where he saw a number of men pretending to meditate on God, but living in ease and comfort and having no true love of Him. He rebuked them in the following words :—

Kali-yugi ghara ghara Ṛishi lâgan.
Yitha pâtar lâgan rangan.
Nish-budh atyant wâni lâgan :
Waran nah muth kapas tah ann ;
Akrut khenas tsûran ulgan ;
Lukan tatih tah lagan wan.

The people of the *Kali-yuga* [iron age] in every house will pretend to be *rishis* [saints],
As a prostitute does at dancing [she sings morality].

They will pretend to be innocent and extremely gentle ;
They will not sow beans, cotton-seeds and grains (*i.e.*, earn their bread by honest labour) ;
They will excel thieves in living by unlawful means ;
To hide themselves they will repair to a forest.

He further attacked hypocrisy in these words :—

Paran penah sati Rishi no banak—
Yandar-muhuli tul nah kala thud zâh.
Guphi atsanah Dai no labak—
Nûl tah gagur drâi nah wâjih manzah zâh.
Shrânau sati manah no shrotsak—
Gâd tah wudur buth khati nah zâh.
Upas dinah sati Dai yud toshihe
Drâlidan leli wai ladun nah zâh.

By bowing down, thou shalt not become a rishi—
The pounder in the rice-mill did not ever raise up its head.
By entering a cave, God cannot be attained—
The mongoose and rat never come out of their holes.
By bathing, the mind will not be cleansed—
The fish and otter never ascend the bank.
If God were pleased by fasting
The indigent had never cooked food in the pot [in his own house].

A similar saying is found in Bâwâ Nânak's teachings :—

Kâm gâle sidh sâdh ; khwâja khasiyân.
Dudh piwe sidh sâdh ; bâlak bachhyân.
Tan nâwe sidh sâdh ; mendak machhyân.
Nânak ! sat samvâd, so gal achhyân.

A saint may subdue desire : [it is extinct in] eunuchs.
A saint may drink milk : [it is done by] infants and calves.
A saint may wash his body ; [it is done by] frogs and fish.
Nânak ! speak the truth. Those words are good.

Once Nand Rishi saw a hypocritical priest at a mosque twirling a rosary in his hand, who took six platefuls of rice, which were brought to him by six different persons at different times, to each of whom he said he had bad no food at all that day. He then rebuked him thus :—

Tasbih chhâni chhem gunasâ hisho ;
Murîd dîshit karân kham.
Sheh chinih khetham hisham hisho :
Tsah ai pîr tah rahzan kam ?

Thy rosary is like a snake :
Thou bendest it on seeing the disciples.
Thou hast eaten six platefuls, one like another :
If thou art a priest, then who are robbers ?

In regard to dislikes, which man or beast naturally have, Nand Rishi remarked :—

Gur, khar, wutsh âramas khare.
Watshis khare tsâm.
Nîtsis drâlidas potsh khare.
Nushi khare zâm.

Pony, ass and calf are disliked by the vegetable-grower.
The fleshy matter in the palate is disliked by the calf.
A guest is disliked by the vile wretch.
A husband's sister is disliked by the daughter-in-law.

Apropos of the proclivities of one's family members, Nand Ṛishi said :—

Kûr chhai makaz wan deodâras—
Tsaṭit kares guni lâdî.
Gubur chhui tâzi bacha âkhiratas—
Ladit palana karus swârî.
Boi chhui phal kul bakhtâwaras—
Piyas muhim tah kares yârî.
Rani chhai khani andar piṭâras—
Wandas tah wathis kares yârî.

A daughter is like an axe to the forest of deodars—
It will fell it and make heaps of logs.
A son is like an Arabian colt in the world to come—
Thou canst put a saddle on him and ride.
A brother is like a fruit tree to a lucky person—
When there be need it will provide help.
The wife is like a quilt in a basket—
It will be of use in the winter and in the open.

War hajih mundare par nai âsihe ;
Nushi nai âsihe hash tah zâm ;
Muqadamas patah nai phukadam âsihe ;
Gâmas tulihe shâmas tâm.

If there were not a mallet for [use upon] a knotted block of wood ;
If there were not a mother-in-law and sister-in-law to the daughter-in-law ;
If there were not an overseer [to look] after the *lambardâr* ;
He would harass the village till evening.

On the vicissitudes of life, Nand Ṛishi lamented thus :—

Hânzanih hânzan wulga pâzan ;
Handi bihan sabhan tah khash wâzan.
Sah atsan guphan tah shâl grazan ;
Hanih mandorih ḍolan yâsh paharen.

Boat-women will serve *wulga* (one of the best kinds of rice) to boatmen ;
The sheep will sit to dine, and the cooks will be slaughtered.
Tigers will enter the caves and jackals will howl ;
Castles will remain deserted, and huts will have light.

Runâh pâliki ari nakh dit tas ;
Akh chhas nah paramats takhta sipâr.
Trukhâh tâh karân tahandis rakhtas ;
Bakhtas budh chhai khitmatgâr.

A limbless [man] is being carried in a palankin by the able-bodied ;
He has not read a single section of the Qurân.
A clever man is folding his dress ;
In times of good fortune intelligence serves as a slave.

Lâlan handen timan robakhânan,
Jânan dapân âsi uhrinui gatsh.
Sundara dechham hûri wakhanan ;
Tsâmara sati âsah ḍuwân laish.
Tatih meh az diṭhim kapas ruwân.
Meh wuchh, Nasarah, tsah tih wuchhnih gatsh.

In those glittering halls of lords,
The great were told to shrink back.

I saw pretty damsels singing songs there ;
They were sweeping the dust with yaks' tails.
There I now observed cotton being sown.
I saw, O Nasar, thou mightest also go to see it.

Naṣru'd-dîn was one of the four disciples of Nand Ṛishi, namely. Naṣru'd-dîn (Autâr), Bâmu'd-dîn (Bhûm Sâdhu), Zainu'd-dîn (Zaya Singh) and Latîfu'd-dîn (Âdit Raina).

Nasar Bâbâ, bozto gurah sandi watsan.
Sorah sandih wuḍih âsih morah sund tâj ;
Vethah ârah hukhan henar grazan ;
Adah, ha mâlih, âsi wândar râj.
Nasar Bâbâ, listen to the word of your preceptor.
The crest of the peacock will be on the head of a pig ;
The Jehlam and its tributaries will dry up and the drains will roar ;
Then, O father, will be the reign of monkeys.

Nand Ṛishi advised seeking good company and shunning the bad, contrasting the two in forcible terms. He shows that the rogue will wrong the good, attacking him with crooked words, if he is not careful.

Nunden satin doh din bharize—
Lagiyo shâh wulge kanz.
Badan satin zâh tih no phirze—
Atsizih nah tamanen bânan manz.
Spend thy days with the good—
The *shâh wulga* [one of the best kinds of rice] will get pounded.
Never go about with the wicked—
Do not walk close to pots covered with soot [else thou shalt get soiled].

On man's attempts to secure worldly objects, which, of course, result in disappointment, Nand Ṛishi observed :—

Sun trâvit sartalih riwum ;
Kartal phuṭram karimas drâti.
Doh lug darah tai bânbari pevum ;
Agun tshiwum bânah nah wâti.
I cast off gold and hankered after brass :
I broke a sword and made a sickle of it.
The day began to end, and in haste I commenced to light a fire [on the hearth] ;
The flame went out, but the cooking pots were not ready.

In regard to the imperative necessity of devotion to God, Nand Ṛishi observed :—

Yin gharâh, gatshani gharâh ;
Kângarâ gatsham tapani kitsai.
Gura ! kun wâtah nah pilih nah narâh ;
Sat chham châni âkhir buh tsai.
There is a moment for coming [birth] and a moment for going [death]
A moment I want for devotion.
O Preceptor ! I cannot reach anywhere nor can [my] arm reach thee ;
I have faith in thee that I am thou after all.

Once Nand Ṛishi spoke about the futility of performing *namâz* without concentrating the mind on God :—

Puz yud bozak pânts numrak ;
Natah mâz ai numrak rachhi nah mâz ;

Shivas satin yalih myul karak ;
Sidhi tsch, Rishi Mâli, teli namâz.
If thou listeneth to truth, thou oughtest to subdue the five (senses, *i.e.*, passion, etc.) ;
If thou lowereth only thy fleshly body, the fleshly body will not save thee :
If thou maketh union with Śiva.
Then only, O Rishi Mâli, will prayer avail thee.

A Persian poet has rendered the above in the following couplet :—

Sar-râ bazamîn chi mî-nihî bahr-i namâz ?
Ân-râ bazamîn binih ki dar sar dârî.
Why art thou bowing down thy head on the earth for the sake of praying ?
Bow down to earth that which is in thy head (*i.e.*, thy pride and arrogance).

In regard to natural disabilities, Nand Rishi once remarked :—

Dandah rust kyâh karih dûnis ?
Hûnis kyâh karih mukhtahâr ?
Run kyâh karih khunih kamâne ?
Un kyâh zâne padmâne ?
Of what use is a walnut to a toothless person ?
Of what use is a pearl necklace to a dog ?
Of what use is a bow to an elbowless person ?
Of what estimation is a pretty woman to a blind man ?

"Come good, come evil, there is an end," was the subject on which Nand Rishi once spoke to his favourite disciple, Nasar Bâbâ, as follows :—

Vetha wâwas tan nani, suh tih dohâ, Nasaro.
Tun wugarah tah seni pani, suh tih dohâ, Nasaro.
Nishi rani tah warani khani, suh tih dohâ, Nasaro.
Warah batah tah gâ tah gani, suh tih dohâ, Nasaro.
When the body was bared to the wind of the Jehlam, that day has passed, O Nasar.
When we had thin curry and unsalted vegetables only to eat, that day too has gone, O Nasar.
When the wife was near and warm clothing covered the bed, that day too has gone by, O Nasar.
When boiled rice and sliced fish were provided for us, that day also has passed, O Nasar.

Nand Rishi breathed his last at Rupawan village on 26th Ramazân (Shab-i-Qadr), *i.e.*, 26th Poh, 842 Hijra (1438 A.D.) at the age of 63 years, 1 month and 20 days. His body was carried to Tsrâr, and was buried on the mound called Nafia Teng. His funeral was attended by thousands of people, among whom was the then king of Kashmir, Zainu'l-âbidîn. Bâbâ Dâûd Khâki, who was a highly learned man during the time of Ya'qûb Chak (1584 A.D.), wrote an epitaph in loving memory of Nand Rishi in Persian verse, which may be translated into English as follows :—

Shaikh Nûru'd-dîn Rishi, the preceptor of all *rishis*,
Was a good hermit and had much communion with God.
In addition to leading a retired and solitary life he was also one of those in this world who keep fasts ;
He had given up eating flesh, honey, milk and onions for many years ;
He was a man of revelation and miracles and had a fine command of speech,
And he had no known spiritual guide, as a good-natured narrator has stated.